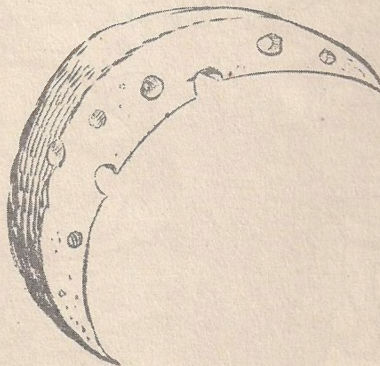




THE JUMPING COW

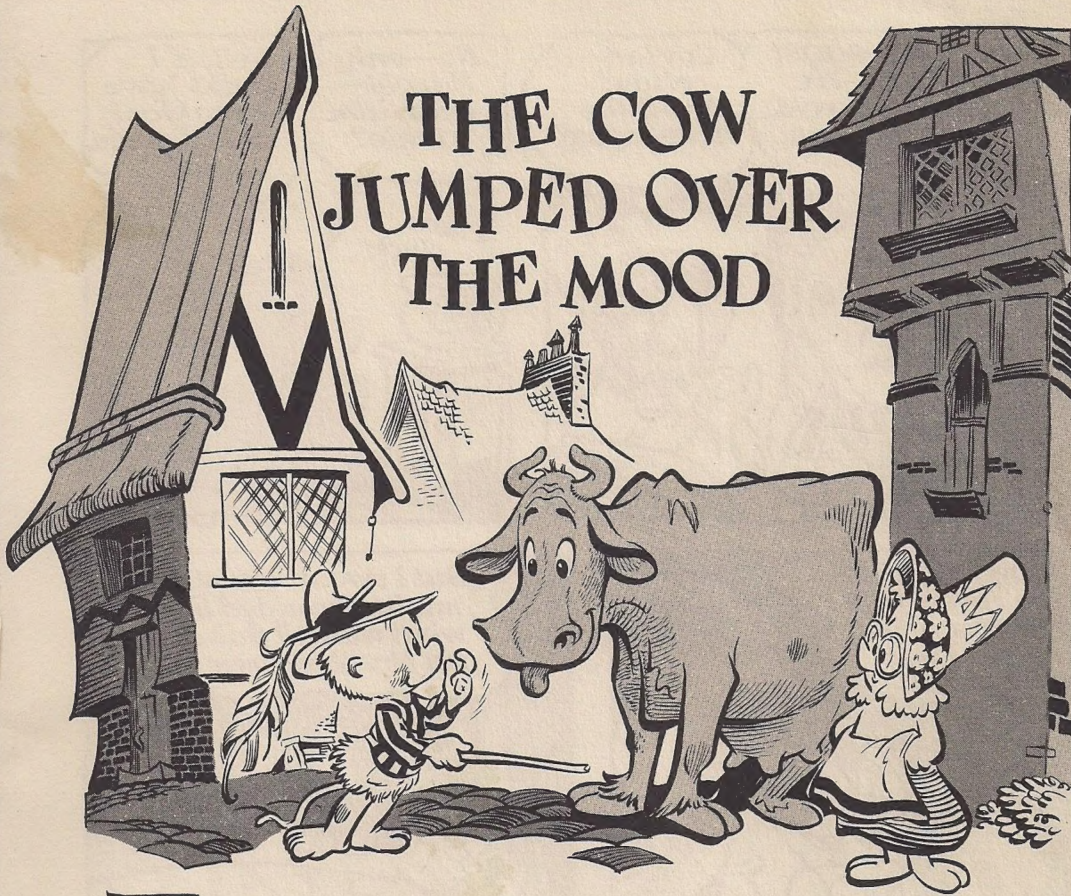
"Sing heigh diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon-o.
The dog he laughed
To see such craft
And the maid made off
with the spoon-o."*



*Sir Henry Reid: "I prefer to think (this rhyme) commemorates the athletic lunacy to which the strange conspiracy of the cat and the fiddle incited the cow."

*Explanation quoted in the Oxford
Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*

THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOOD



Many years from now, in one direction or another, there lives a young lad named Hansel and Gretel (or Jack, for short) with his cruel stepmother and a wonderful jumping cow named Mrs. Montgomery.

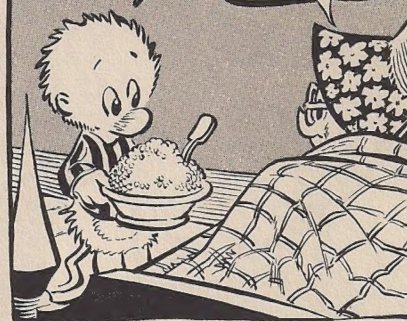
Good morning, cruel stepmother, ol' boy---how do you feel this morning?

Lumpy---like a cucumber.



I brought you breakfast in bed again, Cruel.

Ugh, what a mess! Don't we have any eggs?

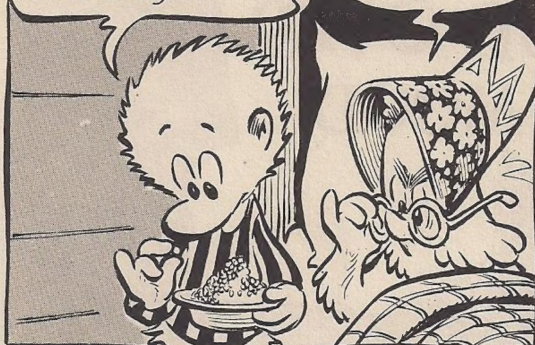


These are eggs!
It's caviar---I've
got news---Harold,
our pet sturgeon,
is a lady...

Caviar---
phaw!
Aren't the
hens laying?

No---only
Harold---
hear him
cackle?

Well, if I
gotta have
breakfast
in bed again,
I will.



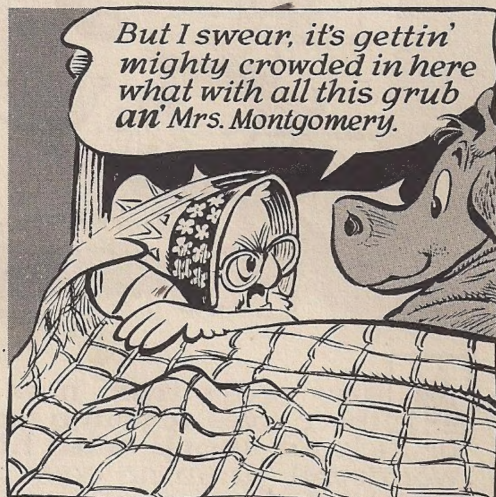
Cluck,
cluck!

Shove it under
the covers with
the rest of the
meals I has
in bed.

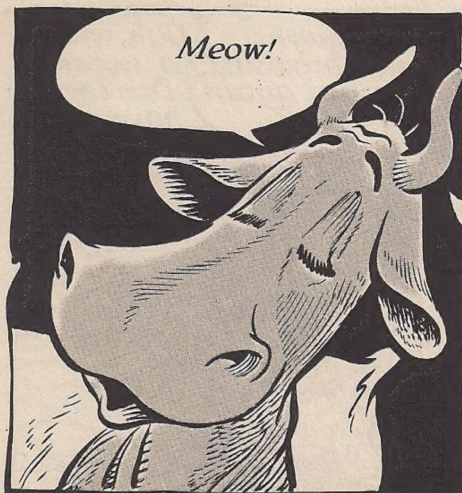
Righto!



But I swear, it's gettin'
mighty crowded in here
what with all this grub
an' Mrs. Montgomery.

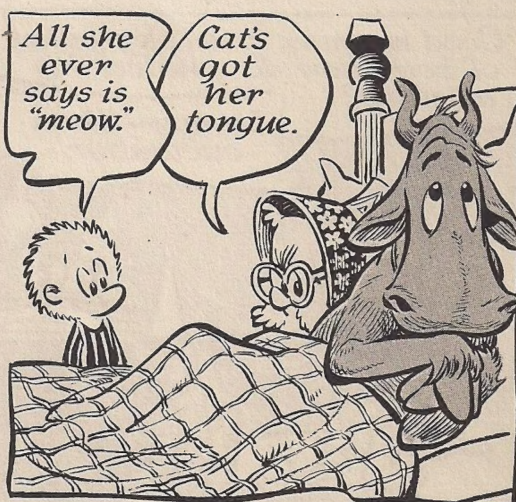


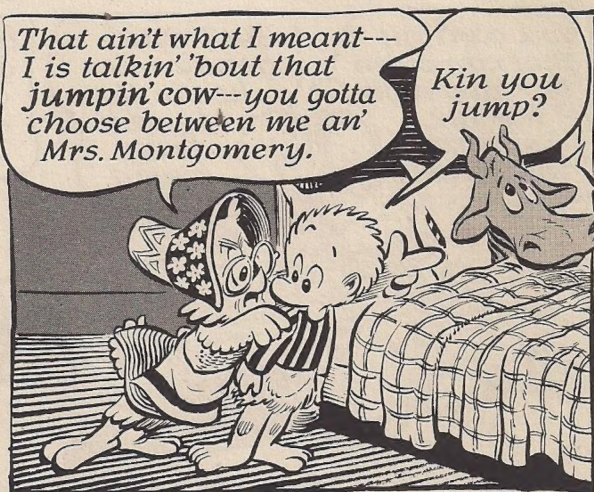
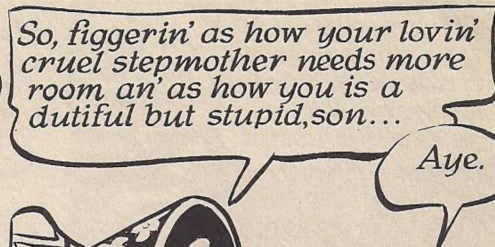
Meow!

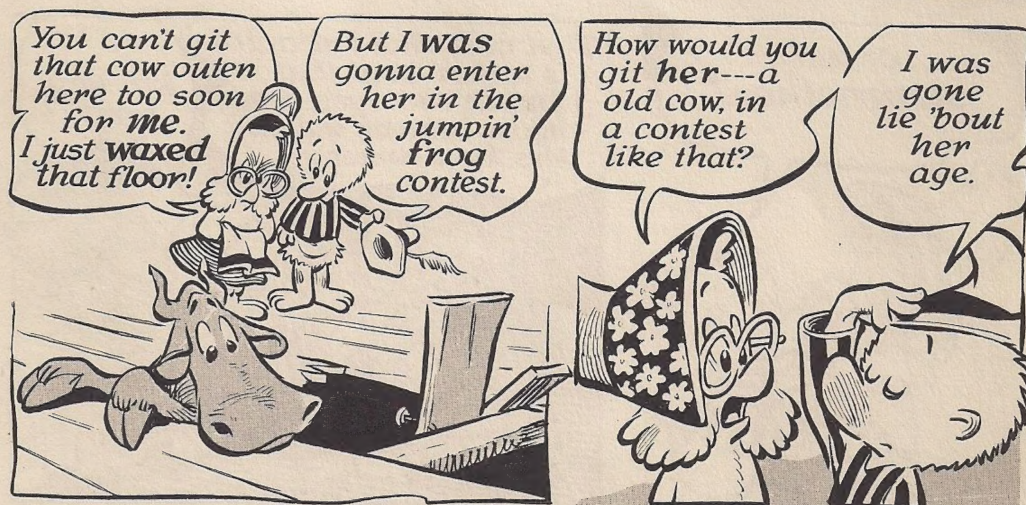
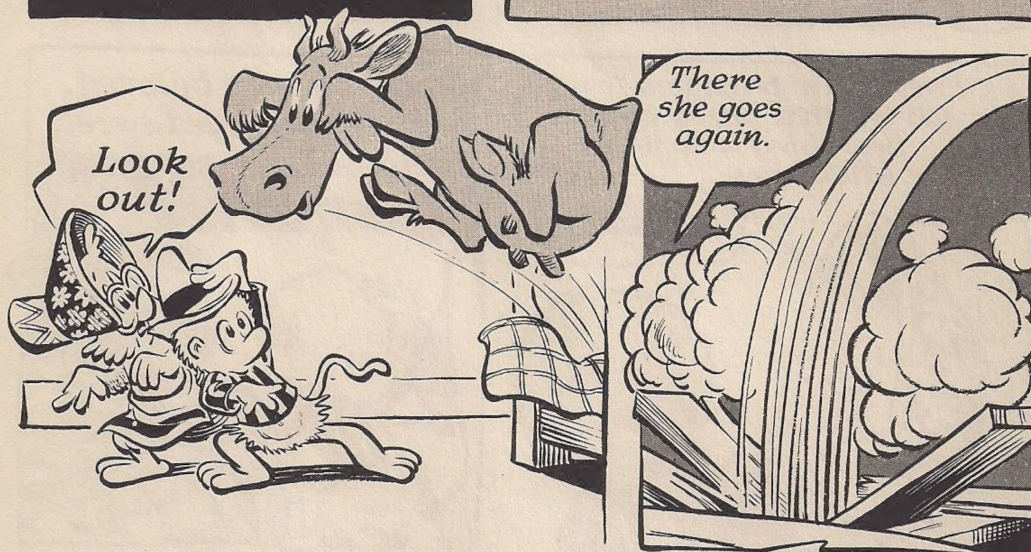
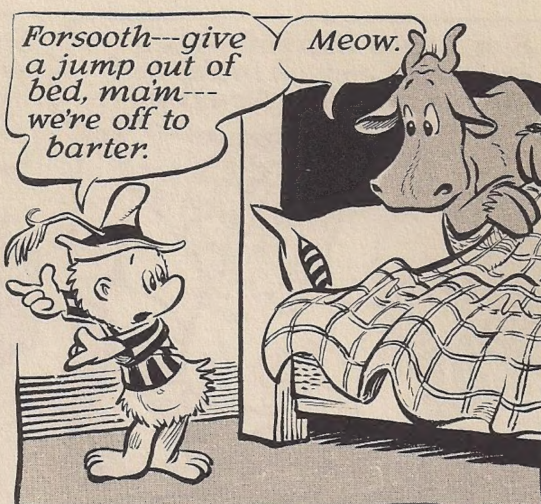


All she
ever
says is
"meow."

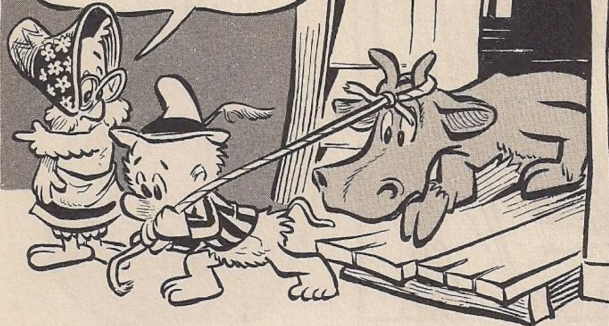
Cat's
got
her
tongue.







Remember now, don't let those highbindin' marketeers talk you into any silly transactions.



Haw! When did I ever get the worst end of a trade?

You recalls grabbin' that opportunity to get in on a red hot poker deal?



Them burns don't show at all now---I knows which way I'm headed these days.



Forward!



Last time you traded a cow you came home with three beans and a beanstalk.

And a giant---don't forget the giant was part of the bargain.

Phaw! Some bargain!



He was a old giant---must of played for McGraw---couldn't hit his age...

If we hadn't traded him to Cleveland for a lawn mower the grass would be up aroun' your ears.

